

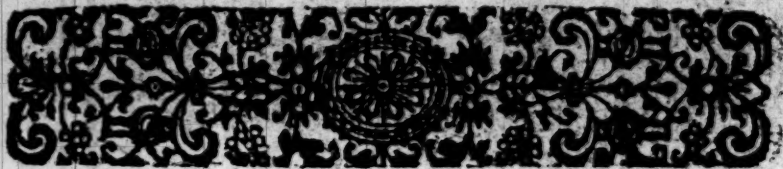
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THE
FLYTTING BE-
TWINX MONTGOMERIE
AND POLWART.

Newlie corrected and ammended.



EDINBURGH.

Printed by the heirs of Thomas Finlason, for John Wood,
and are to be sold in his Shop on the South side of the high
Street, a little about the Croce, 1629.



TO THE READER.

NO cankring Envy, Malice, nor Despite,
Stirr'd up these men so eagerly to flyte,
But generous Emulation; so in Playes
Best Actors flyte and raile, and thousand wayes
Delight the itching Eares. So wanton Curres
wak'd with the gingling of a Courtcours spurs.
Barke all the Night, and neuer seeke to bite.
Such braverie these Versers moud to write,
would all that now doe flyte would flyte like Those
And lawes were made that none durst flyte in Prose.
How calme were then the world? perhaps this law
Might make some madding wines to stand in aw,
And not in filthy Prose out-roare their Men
But read these Roundelays to them till then.
Flyting no reason hath, and at this tyme
Here it not stands by reason but by ryme;
Anger & asswage make Melancholy lesse,
This flyting first was wrote, now thols the Presse.
who will not rest content with this Epistle
Let them sit downe and flyte, or stand and whistle.





POLWART
and
MONTGOMERIES
flyting.



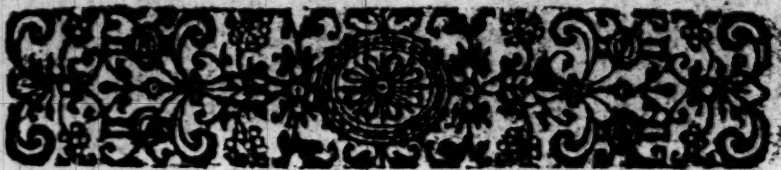
Montgomerie to Polwart.

Polwart ye peip like a Mouſe among thornes,
Na cunning ye keip, *Polwart* ye peip:
Ye looke like a ſheep and ye had twa hornes,
Polwart ye peip like a Mouſe among thornes.

Beware what thou ſpeaks, litle ſoule earth Tade,
With thy Cannigate breiks beware what thou ſpeiks,
Or there ſhalbe war cheiks for the laſt that thou made,
Beware what thou ſpeiks, litle ſoule earth Tade.

Foule miſmade myting, borne in the Merſe,
By word and by wryting, ſoule miſmade myting
Leaue off thy flyting, come kiſſe my Erſe,
Foule miſmade myting, borne in the Merſe.

And wee mell thou ſhalt yell, litle cultron Cuift,
Thou ſall tell, euen thy ſell, and we mell thou ſalt yell,
Thy ſmell was ſa ſell, and ſtronger than Muift,
And wee mell, thou ſalt yell, litle cultron Cuift.



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POLWART
and
MONTGOMERIES
flyting.



Montgomerie to Polwart.

Polwart ye peip like a Moufe among thornes,
Na cunning ye keip, *Polwart* ye peip:
Ye looke like a sheep and ye had twa horns,
Polwart ye peip like a Moufe among thorns.

Beware what thou speaks, litle foule earth Tade,
With thy Cannigate breiks beware what thou speiks,
Or there shalbe war cheiks for the last that thou made,
Beware what thou speiks, litle foule earth Tade.

Foule mismade myting, borne in the Merse,
By word and by wryting, foule mismade myting
Leaue off thy flyting, come kisse my Erse,
Foule mismade myting, borne in the Merse.

And wee mell thou shalt yell, litle cultron Cuist,
Thou fall tell, euen thy sell, and we mell thou salt yell,
Thy smell was sa sell, and stronger than Muist,
And wee mell, thou salt yell, litle cultron Cuist.

Po'wart to Montgomerie.

Thou art doeand and dridland like an foule beast,
Fykand, and fidland: thou art doeand and dridland,
Strydand and stridland, like Robin red-brest,
Thou art doeand and dridland, like an foule beast.

Po'warts reply to Montgomerie.

D Espitefull spider poore of spreit,
Begins with babling mee to blame,
Gowke wyte mee not to gar thee greit,
Thy trating, truiker, J shall tame,
When thou beleeuës to winne a name,
Thou shall bee banishde of all bield,
And syne receiue baith skaith and shame
And sa bee fore'd to leaue the field.

Thy ragged roundels, raueand Royt,
Some short, some lang, some out of lyne,
With scabrous colours, fulsome floyt,
Proceedand from an pynt of Wine,
Quhilke haults for fault of feet like myne,
Yet foole thou thought no shame to writ them,
At mens command that laikes ingyne,
Quhilke doyled Dyvours gart thee dyte them.

But gouked goose, I am right glade,
Thou art begunne in write to flyte,
Sen Lowne thy language J haue laide,
And put thee to thy pen to write:
Now dogge J shall thee sa despyte,
With pricking put thee to sik speid,
And cause thee (Curre) that warkloome quire,
Syne seek an hole to hide thy heid.

Montgomerie to Telwart

Yelkname acknowledge thy offence,
Or I grow crabbed, and so claime thee;
Ask mercy make obedience,
In time for feare lest J forfair thee:
Ill spreit I will na langer spair thee:
Blaide blecke thee, to bring in a gyfe,
And to drie pēnace soon prepare thee
Syne passe forth as I thall deuyle,

First fair threed-bair with foundred feit,
Recanting thy vnseemely sawes,
In Pilgrimage to Allare it.
Syne bee content to quite the cause,
And in thy teeth bring me the Tawes,
With becks my bidding to abyde,
Whether thou will let belt thy bawes
Or kisse all cloffes that stands beside.

And of thir twa take thou thy chose,
For thy awin prouite I procure thee,
Or with a prick into thy nose
To stand content, I fall conjure thee.
But at this time think I forbair thee
Because I can not treat thee fairer,
Sit thou this charge, I will assure thee,
The second salbee something fairer.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

FAlse fecklesse foulmart, loe heir a desyance,
Ga sey thy science, doe Droigh what thou dow,
Trot tyke to a tow, Mandrag but mynace,
We will heir tydance, peit d Polwart of thy pow,

Montgomerie to Polwart, east,

Many yeald yew hast thou cald ouer a know,
Syne hid them in a how; starke theefewhen thou stawe them,
Menswearing thou saw them, and made but a mow,
Syne fylde in a Row, when the man came that awe them.

Thy dittay was death, thou dar not deny it,
Thy trumpery was tryed, thy falsset they fand,
Burreau the band, *Cor mundum* thou cryed,
Condemn'd to bee dry'd and hung vp fra hand:
While thou payde a pand in a stowre thou did stand,
With a willie wand thy skinne was well scourged,
Syne feinzedly forged how thou left the land,
Now Sirs I demand how this Pod can bee purged.

Yet wan shapen shit thou shupe such a sunzie,
As proud asye prunzie your pennes shall be plucked,
Come kisse where I cuckied, and change me that cunzie,
Your gryses grunzie is gracelesse and gowked,
Your mouth most beemucked while ye bee instructed,
Foule flirdome, wanfucked, tersell of a Taide,
Thy meter mismade hath louflic lucked,
I grant thou conducted thy termes in a slaide.

Little angrie Attercop, and auld yn sell Aipe,
Ye grein for to gape vpon the gray meir,
Play with thy Peir, or Ile pull thee like a Paipe,
Goe ride in a raipe, for this noble new yeir:
I promise thee heir to thy chafis ill cheir,
Except thou go leir to licke at the lowder,
With Potingars powder thy selfe ouersmeir
The Castle ye weir well seiled on your shoulder.

This twise sealed trumper with his trarling trowes,
Making vaine vowes, to match him with me,
With the print of a key well burnt on the browes
Now God salbe wixnesse, wherefra came ye

Polwart to Montgomerie.

For all your bombill ye'r warde a little wee:
I thinke for to see thee hing by the heils
For termes that thou steilis of olde Poetrie,
Now who should trow thee that's past baith the seilis,

Proud poysonde pykethanke, peruerse and perjured,
Idow not indure it to bee bitten with a duike,
I's fell thee like a Fluike, flatlings on the flure,
Thy scrowes obscure are borrowed fra some buik,
Fra *Lindsay* thou tuik, thou'rt *Chancers* Cuik,
Ay lying like a Ruik, gif men wold not skar thee;
But beaſt J debarre thee the Kings Chimney nuik,
Thou flees for a looke, but I ſhall ride nar thee.

False ſtrydand ſtickdirt, I's gar thee ſtinke,
How durſt thou mint with thy Maſter to mell,
On ſikas thy ſell, little prating pinke,
Could thou not ware inke thy trating to tell,
Hoy hurſon to Hell amang the fiends fell
To drinke of that well that poyſonde thy pen,
Where diuels in their den doe yammer and yell,
Heir J thee expell from all Chriſtian men.

Polwart to Montgomerie.

BLeird babling byſtour, baird obey
Learne ſkybald knaue to know thy ſell,

Vile vagabound, or I invey
Cuſtroun with cuſſes thee to compell,
Yet, trating truiker, trueth to tell,
Stoup thou not at the ſecond charge,
Miſchieuous miſhant, wee ſhall mell
With laidly language loud and large.

To waite to Montgomery.

Where Lewne as thou loues thy life,
I haith command and counsell thee,
For to eschew this sturtsome strife,
And with thy manlie Maister gree,
To this effect, I summond thee
By publick proclamation,
Gowke to compeir vpon thy knee
And kisse my soull foundation.

But Lord I laugh to see thee bluter,
Cloir in thy ragments, rash to rail
With maighty manked magled meiter,
Tratland, and tumland top ow' re tail,
As Carlings compts their farts doyl'd snail,
Thy roustie ratrymes made but mater
I could weill follow, wald I sail,
Or preasse to fish within thy water.

Only because, Owle, thou dois vse it,
I will write verse of common kind,
And Swingeour for thy sake refuse it,
To crabe thee, bumbler, by thy mind,
Pedler, I pittie thee sapin'd,
To buckell him that beares the bell,
Jackstro be better, anes ingyn'd,
Or I fall flyte against my sell.

But brestlie beist, to answere thee
In sermon st ort, I am content,
And sayes thy similitudes vnslie
Are na wayes very pertinent,
Thy tyr'd comparisons asklent
Are monstrous like the Mule that made them,
Thy borrowed barkings violent,
Yet were they worle let men out war them.

Also

Also J may bee *Chaucers* man,
And yet thy master not the lesse:
But wolfe that wastes on Cup and Kan,
In Gluttony, thy grace J guesse;
Ga drunken Dyvour, thee addresse:
And borrow thee embessed breiks,
To heare mee now thy praise expresse
Knaue if thou can without wat cheiks.

First of thy just Genealogie
Tyke J shall tell the trueth I trow,
Thou was begotten, some sayes mee,
Betwixt the divell and a dun Kow,
One night when that the fiend was fow,
At banquet birland at the beir,
Thou sowked syne a sweit brod sow,
Amang the middings many a yeir.

On ruies and runches in the field
With nolt thou nourish'd was a yeir,
Whill that thou past baith poore and peild
Into argyle some lair to leir.
As the last night did weil appeir,
When thou stood sidgeing at the fyre,
Fast fykand with thy Heiland cheir,
My flyting forc'de thee sa to flyre.

Into the Land wherethou was borne
I read of nonght but it was skant,
Of Cattell, Cleirhing, and of Corne,
Where wealth and welfair baith doth want.
Now Tade-face, take this for no rant,
J hear your housing is right fair,
Where howlring howlers ay doth hant,
With Robin red-brest but repair.

The Lords and Lairds within that Land
I knaw are men of mekill rent,

Polwart to Montgomerie

And liuing as I vnderstand,
Whill in an Innes, wee bee content
To lieue and let their house in Lent:
In Lentron month and the lang Sömer
Where twelue Knights kitchins hath a vent
Quhilke for to furnish dois them cumber.

For store of Lambes and lang-tailde wedders
Thou knowes where many couples gae
For stealing tyed fast in redders
In fellon flockes of anes and twaes,
Abroad athort your bankes and braes
Ye do abound in Coale and Calke,
And thinke as fooles to fley all faes
With Targets tullies and toome talke.

Alace poore hood-pykes, hungerbitten
Accustom'd with leurrilitie
Ryding like boystures, all beshitten,
In fields without fertilitie:
Bare, barren, with sterilitie,
For fault of cattell corne and gerse,
Your banquets of most nobilitie
Deare of the Dog brawne in the Merse.

Witleffe vanter, were thou wise
Custroun thou would *(ex mundum)* cry.
Ou'r laiden lowne, with lang-tailde lyce,
Thy doytit dytings soone deny,
Trower, or l thy trumpery try
And make a legend of thy life,
For syre I anes, folke will cry fye,
Then thou'll bee warde with every wife.

Polwart

*Polwart, medicine to Montgomerie.
beeing sicke.*

SJ R Sweingeour seeing I want wars
And salues to slake thee of thy faires
This present from the Potheccares
Me think meet to amend thee.

First for thy feuer seid on foly
With fasting stomack take oyld-oly
Mixt with a mouthfull of melancholy
From fleame for to defend thee.

Syne passe a space, and smell a flowre
Thy inward parts to purge and scowre
Take thee three bites of ane black howre
And Ruebarb bache and bitter.

This duely done but any din
Sup syne seix sops but something thin
Of the Diuell scald thy guts within
To heale thee of thy skitter.

Vnto thy bed syne make thee bown,
Take ane sweit Syrop worth a Crowne
And drink it with the Diuell ga downe
To recreat thy spreit.

And last of all, craig in a Cord,
Send for a powder and pay for'd,
Called the vengeance of the Lord
For thy mug mouth most meit.

Gif this preserie thee not fra paine
Passe to the Potheccars againe,
Some recipies does yet remaine
To heale bruik byle or blister.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

As *Diadregma* when ye dine,
Or *Diabolicon* wat in wine
With powder I drait fellon fine,
And mair yet when ye mifter.

Montgomeries answer to Polwart.

Vle venomous viper, wanthriftiest of things,
Halfe an Elf, halt an Aip, of Nature denyit,
Thou flait with a Cuntry the quhilk was the Kings
But that bargan, vnbeast, deare sall thou buy it,
The cuff is well wared that twa hame brings,
This Prouerb foull pelt to thee is applyit,
First spider of spyte, thou spewes out springs,
Yet wantshapen wowbet of the weirds invyit,
J can tell thee, how, when, where, and quha gat thee,
The quhilke was neither man nor wife
Nor humane Creature on life,
Thou stinkand steiner vp of strife,
False howlet haue at thee.

In the hinder end of haruest on Alhallow euen,
When our good Neighbours dois ride, gif I read right,
Some buckled on a buneward and some on a been,
Ay trottand in troupes from the twylight,
Some sadled a shee Aipe, all grathed into greene,
Some hobland on an hemp stalk, hoveand to the hight,
The King of Pharie and his court, with the Elfe Queene,
With many Elrich Incubus was rydand that Night,
There an Elf on an Aip an vnsell begat,
Into a pot by Pomathorne
That bratchart in a busse was borne,
They fand a monster on the morne
War fac'd nor a Cat.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

The weird sisters wandring, as they were wont then,
Saw Reavens rugand at that ratton by a Ron ruit,
They mused at the Mandrake vnmade like a man,
A Beast bund with a bounevand in ane old buir,
How that gaist had bein gotten to gessle they began,
Weill sweilde in a swynesskin, and smeirit ouer with suir,
The belly that it first bair full bitterly they ban,
Of this mismade Moldewart mischiese they muit,
That crooked camskoche croyll vncristened they curse,
They bad that baiche should not be but
The glengoir gravell and the gut
And all the plagues that first were put
Into *Pandoraes* purse.

The coch, and the connogh, the collicke, and the cold,
The cords, and the cour-euill, the clasps and the cleiks,
The hunger, the hart-ill, and the hoist still thee hald,
The botch, and the barbles, with the Cannigate breiks,
With bock-blood, and benshaw, speuen sprung in the spald,
The fersie, the falling-euill that fells many freiks,
Ouergane all with Angleberries as thou growes ald,
The kinkhoist, the Charbucle, and wormes in the cheiks,
The snuff and the snoir, the chaudpeece and the chanker.
With the blaidis and the belly thraw,
The bleiring bars, and the beanschaw,
With the mischief of the melt and maw,
The clape and the canker.

The frencie, the fluxes, the fyk, and the felt,
The feauers, the fearcie, with the speinzie flees,
The doyt, and the dysmall, indifferently delt,
The powlings, the palsey, with pocks like pees,
The swerf, and the sweiring, with sounding to swelt,
The weam-ill, the wild-fire, the vomit, and the vees,

Polwart to Montgomerie.

The mair, and the migrame, with meathes in the melt,
The warbles, and the wood-worme whereof dogs dies,
The teasicke, the tooth-aik, the rittes and the tirtles,
The painfull poplesie and pest,
The rot, the roup, and the auld rest,
With parlesse and plurifies opprest,
And nip'd with the nirtles.

Woe worth (quoth the weirds) the wights that thee wrought
Threed baïr be their thrift as thou art wanthreiuin,
Als hard bee their handsell that helps thee to ought,
The rotten Rüm of thy wombe with Rookes salbe reiuin,
All bounds where thou bides to baill salbe brought,
Thy Gall and thy Guisferne to Glaisd sall be giuen,
Ay short bee thy solace, with shame be thou sought,
In Hell mot thou haunt thee and hide thee fra Heavin,
And ay as thou auld growes so eikand be thy anger,
To liue with limmers and outlawes,
With hurcheons eatand hips and hawes
But when thou comes where the Cock crawes
Tary there na langer.

Shame and sorrow on her snout that suffers thee to sowke,
Or shoe that cares for thy cradill could be her cast,
Or brings any bedding for thy blae bowke,
Or louses off thy lingals sa lang as they may last,
Or offers thee any thing all the lang owke,
Or first refresheth thee with food, howbeit thou sould fast,
Or when thy dudes are bedirten that giues them ane dowk,
All groomes when thou greits at thy ganting be agast,
Als froward be thy fortune as foull is thy forme.
First seven yeirs be thou dumb and deiff,
And after that a common theiff,
Thus art thou marked for mischeiff,
Foule vnworthy worme.

Outrow'd be thy tongue, yet tratling all times,
Ay the langer that thou liues thy lucke be the lesse
All countries where thou comes accuse thee of crimes,
And false be thy fingers, but leath to confesse,
Ay raving and rageing in rude rattyms,
All ill be thou vseand, and ay in excessse,
Ilk Moone be thou mad fra past be the primes
Strill pleagu'd with povertie thy pryde to oppresse.
Wih war wolves and wild Cats thy weird be to wander,
Dragleit throw dirtie dubs and dykes
Touiled and tuggled with towne Tykes,
Say lousie lyar what th oulykes
Thy tongue is na sclander.

Fra the sisters had scene the shape of that shit
Litle luck be thy lot there where thou lyes,
Thy fumnard face, quoth the first, to flyt salbe fit,
Niceneen quoth the nixt fall nourish thee twyse,
To ryd post to elphin nane abler nor it,
To driue dogs but to dryt, the third can devyse,
All thy dayes fall thou be ofane body but a bit,
Als suith is this sentence as sharpe is thy syse,
Syne duely they deem'd what death it sould die:
The first said surely of a shot,
The second of a running knot,
The third be throwing of thee throt
Like a tyke ouer ane tree.

When all the weird sisters had thus voted in one voyce
The deid of the dabler, then syn they withdrew,
To let it ly all allaine they thought it litle losse
In a den be a dyke or the day dew:
Than a cleir companie came soone after cloffe
Niceneen with her nymphes, in number anew,
With charmes from Caitnes and Chanrie of Rosse,

Montgomery to Pelwart.

Whose cunning consists in casting of a Clew,
They seeing this fairie thing, said to them self,
This thrifles thing is meit for vs
And for our craft commodious,
Ane vglie Aipe and Incubus
Gotten with an Elf.

Thir venerable Virgins, whom the warld call witches,
In the time of their triumph, tirr'd me the Taide,
Some backward raid on brodsowes, & some on black bitches,
Some in steid of a staig ouer a stark Monk straid,
Fra the how to the hight some hobles, some hatches.
With their mouthes to the Moone, murgcons they maid,
Some be force in effect the foure windes fetches,
And nyne times withershins about the throne raid,
Some glowering to the ground, some grievously gaipes.
Be craft, conjure and fiends perforce
Furth of a Cairne, beside a croce
Thir Ladies lighted fra their horse
And band them with raipes.

Syne bare-foot and bare-leg'd to babtize that bairne
Till a water they went be a wood side,
They fand the shrit all beshitten in his awin shearne,
On three headed *Hecatus* to heir them they cryde
As we haue found in the field this fundling forfairne,
First his faith he forsakes in thee to confyde,
Be vertue of thir words and this raw yearne,
And whill this thrise thretty knots on this blew threed byd,
And of thir mens members weill sow'd to a shoe
Whilks we haue tane fra top to tae
Euen of ane hundreth men and mae
Now grant vs goddesse or we gae
Our dueties to doe

Be the hight of the heavins and be the hownesse of hell,

Montgomery to Polwart.

Be the windes and the weirds and the Charle waine
Be the hornes, the hand-staff and the kings ell.
Be thunder be fyre slaughts, be drouth and be raine,
Be the poles and the planers, and the signes all twell
Be mirknes of the Moone, let mirknes remaine,
Be the Elements all that our crafts can compell,
Be the fiends infernall, and the furies in paine,
Gar all the Gaists of the dead that dwels there downe

In *Lethe* and *Styx* thae stinkand strands .

And *Pluto* that your Court commands

Receiue this howlat off our hands

In name of *Mahorne*

That this worme in our worke some wonders may wirk,
And through the poyson of this pod our pratiques prevail,
To cut aff our cumber fra coming to the Kirk,
For the half of our help, and hes it heir hail,
Let neuer this vndoght of ill doing irk,
But ay blyth to begin all barret and baill,
Of all blis let it be als bair as the birk
That tittest the raidrell may tell ane ill taill,
Let no vice in this world in this wanthrift be wanted.

Be they had said, the fire slaughts flew,

Baith thunder, raine, and winds blew,

Where be their coming commers knew

Their asking was granted.

When thae Dames devorely had done their devore
In heaving this hurcheon, they hasted them hame,
Of that matter to make remained no more
Sauing nixt how thae Nuns that worling sould name,
They know'd all the kytrall the face of it before,
And nip'd it sa doones neir, to see it was a shame,
They cal'd it peil'd *Polwart* they pull'd it so sore,
Where we clip, quoth the Co nners, there needs na kame,
For wee haue height to *Mahorn* for handsell this hair,
They made it like a scraped swyne,

Montgomery to Paimart.

And as they Cow'd they made it whryne,
It shau'd the selfe aye on sensyne
The beard was ia bair.

Fra the Kummings that Crab had with *Tlato* contracted
They promiseit as parents syne for their owne part
A mouer of milchiefe and they might for to make it.
As an Impe of all ill most apt for their Art,
N'cneuin as nourish, to teach it, gart take it
To saill sure in a seiff but Compasse or Cairt.
And milke of an hairne tedder, thocht wiues suld be wrackit,
And a Kow giue a chopin was wont to giue a quart
Many babes and bairnes fall blesse thy bair banes,
When they haue neither milke nor meill,
Compel'd for hunger for to steill
Than fall they giue thee to the Deill
Able offer nor anes.

Be an after midnight their office was ended,
At that tyde was na time for troumpeurs to tarry,
Syne backward on horsebacke brauely they bended,
That cam-nosed Cocatrice they quite with them cary,
To *Kart* of *(rief* in an creill soone they gar'd send it
Where seuin yeir it sat baith singed and sairie,
The kin of it be the cry incontinent kend it,
Syne fetcht food for to feid it foorth from the Pharie,
Ilike Elfe of them all brought an almons house Oster.

Indeid it was a daintie dish,
A foull flegmatick fouldsome fish,
In steid of sauce on it they pish,
Sik food feed sik a foster.

Syne fra the fathers side fynely had fed it
Many monkes and mair asites came with the mother,
Blacke botch fall the briest and the belly that bred it.

Ay offered they that vndoght fra ane to another,
Wher that smatched had fouked, sa sair it was toished it.
But belyue it begane to buckle the brother,
In the barke of ane bourtree, whylome they bed it.
All talking with there tougues the ane to the other,
With flirring and flyring their physnome they slype,
Some luikand lyce in the crowne of it keeks,
Some choppes the kiddes into their cheeks
Some in their oxster hard it cleeks
Like an auld bag-pipe.

With mudyones and murgeones and moving the braine
They lay it, they lift it, they loule it, they lace it,
They graip it, they grip it It greets and they grane,
They bed it, they baw it, they bind it they brace it,
It skittered, and skarted, they skirl'd ilk ane,
All the Ky in the countrey they skared and chaced
That roaring they wood-ran and routed in a reane,
The wild deere fra their den their din hes displaced,
The cry was sa ouglie of Elfes Aipes and Owles
That geise and gaisling cryes and craikes,
Jn dubs douks down Duikes and draikes,
All beists for feir the fields forsakes
And the towne Tykes yowles.

Sik a mirthlesse Musick thir menstralls did make
Whill Ky cast caprels behind with their heeles
Littill tent to their time the Toone leit them take,
But ay rammeist red wood, and ravel'd in their reeles,
Then the cummers that yeken came all in a elak
To conjure that coidyoch with clewes in their creeles,
Whill all the bounds them about grew blakned and black
For the din of thir daiblets raist'd all the deils
To concurre in the cause they were come sa far,
For they their god bairne gifts wald giue,
To teach the childe to steale and reue.

Polwart to Montgomery.
And aye the langer that it liue
The world soule be the war.

*Polwarts third flytting against
Montgomerie.*

IN fernall frawart feaming furies fell
Curst, canker'd, crabed (*Clotbo*) help to quell
Yon *Caribald* yone catiue execrabil,
Provyde my pen profoundly to distell
Some dure despite to daunt yon deuill of hell,
And dryve with doole to death detestabil
This mad malirious monster miserabil,
Ane tyke tormented, trotting out of toone,
That rynnies red wood at ilk middes of the Moone.

Renew your roaring rage and eager Ire,
Inflame'd with fearfull thundring thuddes offyre,
To pleague this poyson'd pykthank, pestilent,
With flying fyreflaughts, burning bright and shyre,
Devoir yon deuilish dragon, I desire,
And waste his wearied venom violent,
Conjure this beastly begger impotent,
Suppress all power of this euill spirit
That bydes, and bakes in him als black as Jeit.

But reekie Rookes and Ravens or ye ryue him
Desist, delay his death whill I descriue him,
Syn e rypely to his raving rude reply,
To dreadfull dolour dearily or ye dryve him
Throw *Pluteos* power, pleasure to depryue him,
The Lowne may lick his vomit, and deny
His shameles sawes, like Sathans slavish smy
Whose maners with his milmade members heir
Doe correspond, as plainly doth appeir.

Polwart to Montgomery.

His peiled pallat and vnpleasant pow,
Thy fulsome flockes of flies dois overflow,
With wames and wounds all blaikened ful of blaines
Out over the necke athort his nitty now
Jlke louse lyes linkand like a large lint bow
That hurts his harnes and pearse them to his paines,
Whill wit and vertue vanish'd fra the vaines
With scars and scores athort his frozen front
In rankels runne within the stewes all burnt.

His lugs baith lang and leane wha cannot lacke
That to the Tron hath tane so many a tacke,
With blasted bowels, bowden with bruised blude
And hapning haires blowne withersuns aback,
Foot foundred beasts, for fault of food, full weake
Hes not their hair so snod as other good,
The bleared Bucke and boysterous to conclude
Hes right trim teeth somewhat set in a thrav
Ane topped turde right toughly for to raw.

With laidly lips and lyming side turn'd our,
His nose weill lit in *Barchus* blood about,
His stinking end, corrupted as men knawes,
Contagious cankers carues his smassing snout,
His shaven shoulders shawes the markes no dout
Of tough tarle thers tytes and other tawes
And girds of Galeyes growand now in gawes.
Swa all his fowlsome forme thereto effeirs
The quhilk for filth I will not fyle your eirs.

The second part of *Polwart's*
third flytting.

B Vt of his conditions to carpe for a while
And compt you his qualities, compast with cair,

Toiwart to Montgomery.

Appardon me Poets to alter my style
And wiffle my verse for fying the air,
Returning directly againe to *Argyle*
Where last that J left him, baith barefoot & bair,
Where rightly I reckoned his race verie vyle,
Descending of Devils as I declair,

But quhilk of the gods will guide me aright,
Abhorring so abhominable,
Sa doolfull and detestable,
Sa knauish, canker'd, execrable
And wearied a wight.

In *Argyle* amang Gaits he gead within glenns,
Aye there vsing offices of a bruit beast,
Whill blislesse was banish'de for handling of hennes,
Synce forward to *Flanders* fast fled or he ceast,
From poore anes the pultrie he plucked be the pennes,
Delighting in thift, the heart of his breast,
And courage inclin'de to knauery 'men kens,
To pestilent purposes plainly hee preast,
But truely to tell all the trueth vnto you
In no wayes was he wise,
Hee vsed both Cairts and Dyce,
And fled no kinde of vice,
Or few as I trow.

He was ane false Shismaticke notoriously named,
Both whoredome and homicide vsell he vsed,
With all the seuen sinnes the smached was shamed,
Pride, ire, and envy, this vndoght abused,
For greedy couetousnesse bitterly blamed
For bawderie and bordeling lucklesse hee loued,
Thrift, drynes, and drunkennes, the dyvour defamed,
False, senzeit, with flyting and flattery infused,
Maist sinfull and sensuall, shame to rehearse,
Whose fecklesse foolishnesse

Poem to Montgomerie.

And beastly brutishnesse
Can no man as I gesse
Weill put into verse.

A warloch a warwolfe a wowbet but hair,
A deill, and a Dragon, a deid Dro nadarie,
A conterfoot custroun, that clarks dois not care
A clauering cohooby that craks of the Phary,
Whose fauourles Phisnome doth duely declair
His vices, and viciousnes, although J would varie,
Arcadam's Astrology, a lanterne of lair,
Affirmes his bleardnesse to wisdome contrary,
Betaikening baith babling and baldnesse of age,
Great fraud and foull deceit,
Cappit, with quiet conceit,
Witnes some verse he writ
Halfe daft in a rage.

His Anagramme also, concerning that case,
Says surely it's a signe of a lecherous Lowne,
His palenes next partly, with brown in the face,
Arcadam ascriues to babling aye bowne,
And tratling intemperate, tymetes, but place
A cowart yet cholerick, and drunke in ilk towne,
And als his affe eares they signe in short space
The franticke foole shall grow mad like *Mahowne*,
But yet sall hee liue long, whilk alas were a losse,
For sik a tryed traitour,
A babling blasphemator
Was neuer form'd of Nature
Sa gooked a Goose.

Whose origine noble, the note of his name
Cal'd Etymologie beirs rightly record,
His surname doth flow fra twa termes of defame,
From *Mont* and *Gomora* where diuels be the Lord,

Polwart to Montgomerie.

His kinsmen was cleinly cast out to his shame
That is of their Clan whom Christ hath abhor'd
And beirs of the birth place their horrible name
Where *Sodomite* sinners with stinking were smor'd.

Now sen all is suith that's said of this smy

Vnto that capped Clark

And pretty piece of wark

That bitterly doth bark

J may this reply.

*Polwarts last flytting against
Montgomerie.*

Vyle villaine vaine, and war than I haue rauld thee,
Thy withered wame is damnified and dry'd,
Beshitten bystour, baldly I forbad thee
To mell with mee, or else thou should deare buy it,
Thy speach but purpose, sporter is espyed,
That wrytes of witches, warlocks, wraiths and wratches,
But inuestiues against him well defyed,
Rob Steuin thou raues, for getting whom thou matches.

Leaue boggles, brownies, Gyre-carlings, and Gaists
Dastard thou dasses that with such deuilry mels
Thy peil'd preambles ouer prolixly lasts,
Thy reasons fauours of reek and nothing els,
Thy sentences of suit sa sweetly smels,
Thou sat so neir the chimney nuke that made them,
Fast by the Ingle, among the Oyster shels,
Dreidand my danger durst not weill debate them.

Thy trating, truker, wald gat *Taides* spew,
And Carle Cats weep vinegar with their einc,
Thou said I borrowed blad's that is not trew,

The contrary fals smatched falbe scene,
I neuer had of that making ye meine
A verse in writ, in print, or yet perqueir,
Quhilk I can proue, and cleanse me wonder cleine,
Thogh single words no writer can forbeir

To proue my speeches probable and plaine
Thou must confesse thou vsed my invention,
I reckoned first thy race, syne thou againe
In that same sort made of thy Maister mention,
Thy wit is weake with me to haue dissention,
For to my speech thou never made reply,
At libertie to lie is thy intention,
I answer ay quhilk thou can nor deny.

Thy freinds are fiends, of Aipes thou senzies mine,
With my assistance saying all thou can,
I count sik kinred better yet nor thine,
Cheirly of beasts that most resemble man,
Grant gif that my invention wars thine then,
Without the whilk thou might haue barked waist
I laid the ground whereon thou best began,
To big the brig whereof thou brags maist.

Thy lack of Judgment may be als perceaued,
Thir twa cheif points of reason wants in thee,
Thou attributes to Aipes, where thou hes reaved,
The ils of horse, ane monstros fight to see.
Na marvell thogh ill won ill waired be,
For all these ills thou staw, I am right certain,
From *Semples* dytements, of ane horse did die
Of *Torterfelde* that dwelt into *Dumbarran*.

Amang the ills of Aipes, that thou hes tauld,
Thogh to ane horse perteing properly,
Thou puts the spaven in the forder spauld
That vses in the hinder hough to be,

9f. Fra horsemen anes thy cunning heare and see
I feare auld *Allane* get na mair adoe,
Allace poore man he may lye downe and die
Syne thou's succeed to weare the siluer shoe.

Simple Farder thou flies with other fowles wings,
Ouer-cled with cleiter collours than thy awin,
But specially with some of *Semples* things,
Or for a plucked goose thou had bein knawin,
Or like an Cran, in mounting soon o'rethrowen,
That must take ay nyne steppes before she flye,
So in the gout thou might haue stand & blown
As long as thou lay grauelld lyke to die.

J speake not of thy vitious diuisions,
Where thou pronounces & yet propouns but part
Incumbred with sa many tryed confusions
Quhilk shawes thy ryme but rhetoricke or art,
Thy memory is short, beshrew thy hart,
Telling one thing ouer twise or thrise at anes,
And cannot from a proper place depart,
Except J were to frig thee with whin stanes.

The things J said gif that thou would deny,
Meaning to wry the verity with wyles,
Lick where I laid, and pickle of that pye,
Thy knauery credence fra thee quite exyles,
Thy feckles folly all the aire defyles,
J finde sa many fautes, ilke ane ouer vther,
First I must tell thee all thy statly styles,
And syne bequeath thee to thy birken brother.

Fond flyter, shir shyter, bacon byter, all defyl'd,
Blunt bleittar, paddock prickter, pudding eiter, peruerse,
Hen plucker, closter mucker, house cucker, very vyld,
Tanny cheiks, J thinke thou speiks, with thy breiks, foul erse,

Woodryk, hoodpyk, ay like to liue in lacke,
Flowre the pin scabbed skin, eat it in that thou spake.

Gume gade, bald skade, foull fa'd, why flait thou foule,
Steill Yow, fill tow thou dow not defend thee,
Quha kend thy end, false fiend, phantastick mule,
Theif smy, they wald cry, fy fy to garr end thee,
Sweir sow doyl'd kow, ay sow, foull fall thy banes,
Very wyld, defyl'd, ay woodwyld ilk moneth anes.

Tary rade, thou's defate; now debate, if thou dow,
Huch paddle, lick ladle, shyte sadle, do thy best,
Creishie souter, shoe clouter, minch mouter, dar thou mow,
Ragged railer, sheep stealer, double dealer thou's be drest.
Falle preif, leane theif, mischeif fall thy lippes,
Blaird beard, thy reward is prepar'd for thy hippes.

Erse flaker, gly'd glaker, roome raker for releif,
Lunatick, frenatik, schismatik, Swingeour sob,
Tur'd defac'd, ay chaf'd, almaist fyld for a theif,
Misly, kyt, and thou flyt ile dryt in thy gob;
Tuit mow, wilde sow, soone bow or I wand thee,
Hell ruik, with thy huik leaue the nuik, I command thee,

Land lowper, light skowper, ragged rowper, like a Raven,
Halland shaker, draight raker, bannock baker, all beshitten
Craig in perill, toom the barrel, quyt the quarrell or be shaven
Rude ratler, common tratler, poore pratler, out flitten,
Hell spark, scabbed Clark, and thou bark I fall belt thee,
Skad skald, ouerbald, soone fald or I melt thee.

Lousie lugs, leape jugs toome the mugs on the midding,
Fanny flank, redshank, pykthank, I must pay thee,
pew black, widdie neck, come and beck at my bidding,
false Lowne, make thee bowne, *All bowne* mon haue thee,
bank ruitour, scurlie whitour, and luitour, nane sower,

Decrest, opprest, posselt with *Plutoes* power.

Capped knaue, proud flaue, ye raue aye vnrocked,
Whiles flauerand, whiles taverand, whiles wauerand with wine
Greedy gouked, poor & plucked, ill instructed, ye's be knocked,
Gley'd ganrell, auld mangrell, to the hangrall, and sa pyne,
Calumniatour, blasphemator, vyle creature vntrew,
Thy cheiping, and peiping, with weeping thou salt rew.

Mad manter, vaine vaunter, ay haunter in flauery.
Pudding pricker, bang the bicker, nane quicker in knauery,
Kailly lips, kisse my hips, into grips thou's behinde
Baill brewer, poyson spewer, mony truer hes bein pin'd
Swyne keiper, land leiper, tuird steiper from the drouth,
Leane limmer, steale gimmer, J fall skimmer in thy mouth.

Fley'd foole, mad muile, die with doole on an aike,
Knaue kend, Christ send ill end on thee now,
Pudding wright, out of sight, thou's be dight like a draike,
Jock blunt, thrawin frunt, kisse the cunt of the Kow,
Purse peiler, hen steiller, Cat killer, now I quell thee.
Rubiator, fornicator by nature, foull befall thee.

Tyk sticker, poyson'd Viccar, pot licker, I mon pay thee,
Fear'd flyar, loud lyar, gooked gleyar on the gallows
Jock blunt, deid runt, I fall punt whil I slay thee,
Buttrie bag, fill knag, thou will rag with thy fellows
Tyr'd clatterer, skin batterer, and flatterer of freinds,
Vyld widdered, misordered, confedered with fiend's.

Blind brock, louse dock, bor'd block, banish'd townes
Alace, theifes face, na grace for that grunzie,
Beld bisset, marmisset, lansprezed to the lownes,
Deid dring, dry'd sting, thou wilt hing but a sunzie,
Lick butter, threat cutter, fish gutter, fill the letter,
Come bleitand and greitand, fast eitand thy laidly letter.

FINIS.

